

T H E
L E W E S N E W S M E N S'
 N E W Y E A R ' s V E R S E S ,
 T O T H E I R
C U S T O M E R S .
For the Y E A R 1797.

WITH rain-drench'd coats and mire-clad feet
 Our fair kind MISTRESSES to greet ;
 To wish, sincerely, with our MASTERS,
 An end to troubles and disasters,
 Your NEWSMEN, constant to their time,
 In lowly guise, and doggrel rhyme,
 Presume, with diffidence, to state
 Their humble services, and wait
 To taste your heart'ning *Christmas cheer* ;
 To usher in the new-born year ;
 And, with your wonted ANNUAL BOON
 To chase away chill Winter's gloom.

Full fifty times around the source
 Of light the Earth has ta'en her course,
 Since first our predecessors bore
 The LEWES JOURNAL to your door,
 To tell of *Walpole's* domineering,
 Of fights by land, of privateering ;
 How *Hawke* and *Russel* scour'd the main,
 How *France* was beat, how humbl'd *Spain* !
 Thence on, with constant weekly toil
 We've borne it thro' each dirty mile,
 Like FAME, to blazon thro' the land
 The public deeds of ev'ry hand ;
 With strictest justice to relate
 The 'tangled moves of ev'ry State ;
 To bring your Honors *food for musing*,
 Or *argument*, if that's your chusing.

But, as our old *Compos'tor* says,
 No politics of former days
 Are worthy notice, when we view
 The direful days since *Ninety-two* ;
 And chief, in last past scowling year,
 How copious flow'd the orphan's tear ;
 All *Europe* heard the widow's moans,
 Bewail'd the wounded Soldier's groans ;

Astonish'd saw *Italia's* plains
 Enfanguin'd with her choicest Swains ;
Rhine's hostile banks, on either side
 Shew'd slaughter'd hosts ; her waters, dy'd
 Of crimson hue, roll'd slowly on,
 Blushing for deeds her Sons had done.

Here *Hope* a distant prospect clear'd,
 Mid glimm'ring rays, sweet *Peace* appear'd ;
Negotiation too was seen,
 Standing the hostile ranks between ;
 Whilst northern *Catherine's* blood-stain'd feet,
 Lay wrapt within a winding sheet.—
 From carnage turn'd, the glutt'd eye
 Fix'd on *Lacroix* and *Malmsbury* ;
 But fierce *Bellona*, yet untir'd,
 With curst *Ambition* both inspir'd,
 They parted ! angry looks each wore,
Hope fled, and *Peace* was seen no more !

Excuse digression,—for the Muse
 Of NEWSMEN does not always chuse
 To be controll'd,—but spurns all guards
 Like Muses of superior Bards ;
 And runs from *Christmas* beef and beer,
 To traverse thro' a warlike year,
 Leaves your warm fire-sides to go
 O'er *Alpine hills* be-capt with snow,
 But, like the Prodigal, returns,
 To talk of *Sussex* storms by turns,
 Of pelting rains, of driving winds,
 To gently jog our PATRON's minds,
 By saying, ev'ry *New-Year's MEED*
 Augments our diligence and speed ;
 To wish sweet PEACE may once more reign,
 With smiling PLENTY in her train,
 E'er *New-Year's tide* returns again !